

Shogun

Canibus

(One) Yo yo (One two!)
Yo Big (Talk to me Big)
(Check me out right here yo)
Yo Big Big, tell 'em turn it up!
(Yo talk to me so I can talk to them) Turn it up!
(You need to turn the track up a little bit for me)
(Tell me what the fuck to do) Turn it up!
(All up in my ears, the mic is loud but the music ain't loud)
Yo... this ain't about battlin, this ain't about beef no more
(Yeah) (True) We stickin to the music (aight then)
(Yeah!) You had a couple, a couple of altercations
A couple of cats knocked you down - you gon' stay down?
(Hell no niggaz!) You gon' get up? (I'm 'bout to slay these niggaz!)
Show me that lyrical fitness you was talkin 'bout
(Aight then, aight, let's go!) (Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh)

Aiyyo the sun don't shine forever, but I could rhyme forever
I'm a Ripper, this is personal nigga
I'm back - so charged, I don't know how to act
The face lifter, Kay Slay, Money Mark and Shaq

In the Commission, I ain't got to ask for shit
I'm D's Capo, B.I.G. from the Bricks
You heard of me, seven one, three-fitty
Real black and shitty, wife real pretty
Shaq Dizzy, I take what you won't give me
I bust off a couple, bitch let 'em hold fifty
MC's is comical, Sasquatch phenomenal
IV's plug in your arm inside the hospital
Never gotta spit, I make more than Mike
Anyone - Jordan, Jackson, Tyson
Ac-shun Diesel, ridiculous
Big Shaq, Kay Slay, 'Bis back to bust

Can-I-bust verbal to burst you
Raw shit, forklift the high hats in the side to let my verse through
I'm so high in the clouds I gotta aim down
Lyrically I'm six foot one from the waist down
Lay down or taste rounds from the trey pound
Kiss the ground as you lay face down
Ghetto life is a death sentence
Born in the hood, end up dead slumped over a car engine
I am Shogun, loved by no one
My props stop when the show's done, how come?
These uncreative ungrateful scum
Been where I been, but can't understand where I'm from
Let me show you how the fire work over here son
You gon' wear that watch, you might as well wear a gun
When you come around real gangsters, you don't front
Unless life is a luxury that you don't want
The long gat, the stocking cap, serious
as a heart attack like Redd Foxx puttin on the act
Couple more reps, let the muscles flex
Damn you gettin big 'Bis, they don't love you yet?
I'm as smooth as smooth can get
I shake your hand to bruise your neck to improve your breath
Hang with rappers, actors and descendant masters

Puffin on hash and defendin the classics
I got hip-hop in my blood, I'm blessed
Outside the bones but inside the flesh
They better film this shit, cause I'm 'bout to blaze you
And get it on tape too, I'm 'bout to Kay Slay you
Somebody gon' grab you, try to escape
Hold you down while I perform capouetta on your face
Why you sound like that? Why you tear the mic down like that?
Why you sound so intense when you rap?
The airborne assault you can't call off, breathe exhaust
like a horse or a supercharged Mustang Ford
Good God niggaz is weak, I got real power
Y'all rap for minutes, I rap for hours
Now I only got a couple more bars to pounce ya
Over the counter drugs, Canibus all in ya mouth son
I wish this was a battle, I'd grab the mic
and do curls and destroy you in front of the world
Besides Corey Gunz, ain't shit hot since I been gone
Maybe it's because you puff the same shit I bent on
Kay Slay, 2004 nigga, the Ripper..
Mic Club, get the picture?
Mic Club, get the picture?